MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X
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A SAFE HOUSE IN BROOKLYN.
OKAY, WADE...
...THIS IS IT. NO TURNING BACK NOW...
...NOT AFTER THOSE WEAPON X MONSTERS HAD SABRETOOTH MURDER VANESSA THERE ISN'T.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...
...SO SAY GOODBYE AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT ALREADY.
GOODBYE, OLD PAL... IT WAS NICE TO SEE YA AGAIN, IF ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
CHANCES ARE, THOUGH, THEY'LL FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE YOU GO BYE-BYE BY THE TIME THE CURTAIN DROPS ON THIS FINAL ACT.
GOODBYE, JUICED-UP HEALING FACTOR THAT LETS ME CARVE A HOLE IN MY HEAD THE SIZE OF AN OLSEN TWIN...
...SAME APPLIES FOR YOU--BUT WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, DIDN'T WE?
GOODBYE WEAPON X THINGAMAJIG THAT WON'T LET ME CUT UP MY SUPERIORS INTO FITE...
...GOTTA TELL YA, CHIEF--YOU I'M NOT GONNA MISS SO MUCH.
GOODBYE, SCARECROW...
...I THINK I'LL MISS YOU MOST OF ALL.

GOODBYE TO YOU ALL...
...AND HEEEEEEOOO, AWAAAY!
OH YEAH, NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT!
GOD BLESS YOU, CHARLTON HESTON!
WELL, WELL, WELL--WHAT HAVE WE HERE? CAN YOU SAY "MAN UNIFORM," KIDDIES?
GEE, IS IT ME--
--OR DO ALL THESE GUNS MAKE MY BUTT LOOK FAT?

LATER.
WELL, THIS SURE AS HELL HASN'T GONE ACCORDING TO PLAN.
GEEZ, FELLAS...
... I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS MUCH GUNPLAY SINCE THE SOURCE AWARDS!
DIDN'T FIGURE THEY'D TRACK ME DOWN SO QUICKLY...

DEADPOOL® Vol. 1, No. 60, January, 2002. (ISSN #1093-4480) Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 2001 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues (in U.S. dollars): U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00 (GST #R127032852); foreign $39.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DEADPOOL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, c/o MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY. 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 566-7920. Printed in the U.S.A.** PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; BOB GREENBERGER, Director – Publishing Operations; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus.

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X
FRANK TIERI : WRITER
GEORGES JEANTY : PENCILER
HOLDREDGE & WONG : INKERS
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH : COVER
COLOR DOJO : COLORIST
SHARPEFONT'S DAVE : LETTERER
MIKE RAICHT : ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS : EDITOR
JOE QUESADA : CHIEF
BILL JEMAS : PRESIDENT
PT FOUR:
FLATLINE
...OR THAT THEY'D SEND A FREAKIN' ARMY AFTER ME!
YOU'RE MAKING THIS WAAAY MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT HAS TO BE, MR. FUNNY MAN--
--THE DIRECTOR JUST WANTS TO TALK.
STARFISH
COFFEE

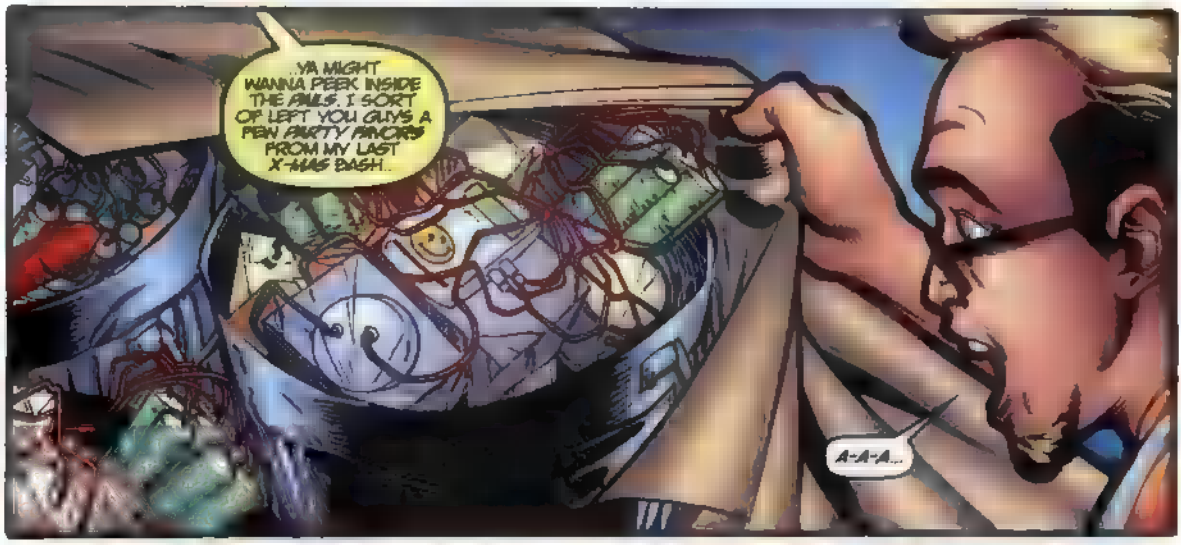
OH YEAH, POOCHIE? THEN TELL YOUR LOYAL *PUGLINESS* TO CALL *BARBARA WALTERS* IF HE WANTS TO *CHEW THE FAT* WITH SOMEBODY!
ALTHOUGH... HE'S NOT SOME CRAZY ACTRESS WHO SPEAKS IN A *SECRET ALIEN LANGUAGE*, IS HE?
I THINK THEY *COVERED* THAT ALREADY...
MEGA STOR
MUSIC

ON THE CONTRARY, AGENT JACKSON--DEADPOOL CAN RUN ALL HE WANTS. I FOR ONE FOSTER IT WHEN MY PREY MAKES A GO OF IT.
AWWW, YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN THAT, DO YA, SAURON? YER JUST STILL P.O.ed THE FLINTSTONES FIRED YOU AS THEIR TOASTER OVEN, IS ALL!
HERE--
--PASS THIS ON TO SPIELBERG WHEN YA SEE HIM!
HA HA HA!
FOOL-- TO THINK THAT AN ENERGY BLAST CAN HARM ME--
--SAURON FEASTS ON ENERGY!
WHAT SAY YOU NOW, JESTER?
I SAY--
--HOP, FOREST! HOP!
OH, THE HUMANITY! WHATEVER SHALL I DO FOR THE RUN?
HERE WE GO--
--WHO'S YO' DADDY NOW, BEE-YATCHES?
RATATATATAT!
RATATATATAT!

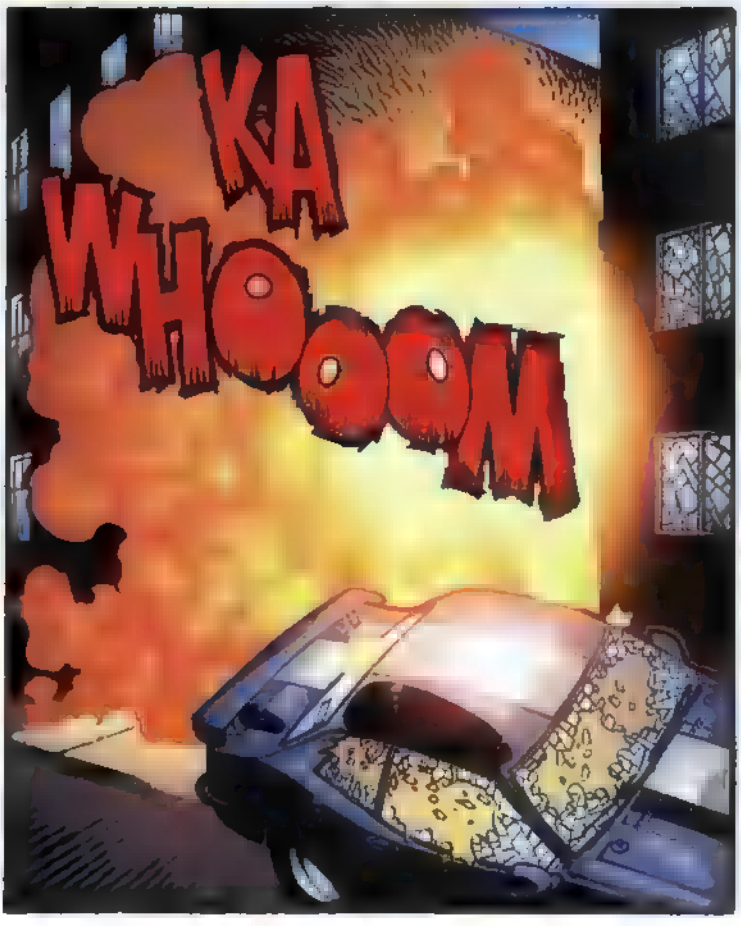
DAGNABIT! NAILED ME A FEW GRUNTS, BUT SAURON BLOCKED MOST OF IT.
AND HERE COMES...
...WILD CHILD.
WHY, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND, DILBY! HOW YA BEEN, DILLWEED--STILL CHASING CARS AND STRADDLING PEOPLE'S LEGS?
YEE-OUCH!
WELL, YA DON'T SAY...
...QUITE THE STIMULATING CONVERSATION WE HAD THERE, DILLSTAIN--
--WE SIMPLY MUST DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME.

NAH-NAH-NA-NAH-NAH! YA CAN'T GET ME LUCKY CHARMS, AGENT JACK-ASS!
SEE WHAT I DID THERE? I SUBSTITUTED "ASS" FOR "SON"!
TEE-HEE... I MADE A PUNNY.
HE DUCKED INTO THAT ALLEY-- AFTER HIM, YOU IDIOTS! DON'T LET HIM GET--
--RAWR!
WHERE ON EARTH IS HE?
SNIF! SNIF!

Hmm... NOWHERE TO BE FOUND... BUT WILD CHILD'S SNOOT SHOULD TELL US OTHERWISE...
SIR! I THINK WILD CHILD'S PICKED UP HIS SCENT!?
EXCELLENT... SO IS THAT...!
SNIF! SNIF!
YEP... MY BVD'S.
THAT IS THE SCENT ROVER'S PICKING UP...
...PARDON MOI IF THEY'RE A LITTLE RIPE, BUT I JUST HAD MEXICAN AND, WELL, YA KNOW...
...ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.
GALRON~
~FLY UP THERE AND BRING ME THE HEAD OF THAT PIECE OF GARBAGE, WON'T YOU!?
HEY, WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF GARBAGE, POOCHIE...


..YA MIGHT WANNA PEEK INSIDE THE BALLS. I SORT OF LEFT YOU GUYS A FEW PARTY FAVORS FROM MY LAST X-MAS BASH..
A-A-A...

I BELIEVE THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS..
CLICK
AAAAAHHH!


KA
WHOOOM

Heh heh... THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS "AAAHH!"...
SOMETIMES I JUST KILL MYSELF!

LATER
WE... ER... DIDN'T GET HIM, SIR
SAY THAT AGAIN, JACKSON-- I DON'T BELIEVE I HEARD YOU CORRECTLY.
I SAID--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO REPEAT YOURSELF YOU IMBECILE--WHAT HAPPENED?
HE BLEW UP UP... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED
LUCKY FOR US SAURON ABSORBED MOST OF THE ENERGY FROM THE BLAST OR WE'D ALL BE DOG FOOD BY NOW
FIRST XAVIER--AND NOW SAURON! THAT'S TWO AGENTS HE'S PUT OUT OF COMMISSION IN AS MANY DAYS!
I CAN'T SAY I'M VERY PLEASED WITH THE WAY THIS IS BEING HANDLED, AGENT JACKSON.
YEAH, LIKE YOU'RE DOING A BANG UP JOB.
EXCUSE ME?
;SIGH:... NOTHING
I THOUGHT I'D NOT STAY WHERE YOU ARE, JACKSON-- I'LL CALL IN MESMERO OR SABRETOOTH OR--
ACTUALLY, I THINK IT'S BETTER IF I COME TO YOU, SIR. SOMEHOW I THINK...

"...DEADPOOL'S ALREADY ON HIS WAY THERE."
UM, GUYS--THERE'S NO TELEPORT AUTHORIZED TO BE COMING IN, IS THERE?
NOT THAT I KNOW OF--WHY?
CAUSE THERE'S ONE COMING IN RIGHT NOW!
GOOD THING FOR ME I GOT MY OLD PERSONAL TELEPORTER OUT OF MOTHBALLS ALONG WITH MY OLD DUDS...
ZIPPITY-DOO-DA...
...ZIPPITY-AY!
...NOT SO GOOD FOR THEM
I'M GONNA BLOW ALL YOU DIRTBAGS AWAY!
PLENTY OF BULLETS I'M GONNA SPRAY!
SIR--
--IT'S DEADPOOL. HE'S--ARGHH!
ZIPPITY-DOO-DA, ZIPPITY-AY!

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON IN HERE? WE HEARD GUNSHOTS AND...
...SINGING?
WELL, ALL THE DEAD BODIES CERTAINLY EXPLAIN THE GUNSHOTS, BUT WHO--
THAT WOULD BE ME, MUSIC LOVERS!
OH, I KNOW I'M NO MARIAH CAREY--HELL, I'M NOT EVEN HARRY CAREY, TO BE HONEST--BUT I TRY.
IN FACT, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A LITTLE NUMBER I'D LIKE TO RUN BY YOU GUYS...
...IT'S CALLED "I'M LOCKING THIS DOOR NOW AND NOT LEAVING 'TIL EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU WEAPON X PUSBUCKETS IS DEAD."
MAESTRO, IF YOU PLEASE!
BLAM
AAAAH!!!!
BDAM
OH MY GOD!
RATATATATAT!
ARGH!
BLAM!

ANYBODY WANNA SEE WHAT I DO FOR AN ENCORE?
AS A MATTER OF FACT I WOULD.
HERR DIRECTOR-- IS THAT YOU? HEY, I'M READY FOR THAT TALK YOU WANTED NOW...
NOT MUCH CHIT-CHAT DOWN HERE ALL OF A SUDDEN, FOR SOME REASON.
YES, APPARENTLY YOU WERE QUITE EFFICIENT IN DISPENSING WITH OUR NON-POWERED SOLDIERS...
...PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND WHAT AWAITS YOU OUTSIDE A BIT MORE CHALLENGING!
Ooooh-- A SURPRISE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE, YOU OLD DOG!
[redacted] IT'S [redacted] TROOPS! MY AUNT LOU WITH THE IDENTITY CRISIS? AL SHARPTON?
THE SURPRISE IS KILLING ME!

COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU--
OH.
IT'S YOU.
YA WERE EXPECTIN' SOMEBODY ELSE, MAYBE?
NAH, SABRETOOTH--
--YOU WERE EXACTLY WHAT I ASKED FOR WHEN I SAT ON SHAVIS'S LAP THIS YEAR...
...AT LEAST I HOPE THAT WAS SANTA.
BY THE WAY...

SEE WHAT ELSE HE BRUNG ME?
BOOOOM
KA-BLAMM
THAT WAS FOR VANESSA, YOU PSYCHOTIC PIECE OF--
OH, YER GONNA HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, WILSON!
MAYBE YER JUST TOO EMOTIONAL 'BOUT THE FEMME--AIN'T GOT YER HEAD IN THE GAME.
YEAH, THAT'S IT, AIN'T IT? LET ME TELL YA SOMETHIN', WILSON...
...SHE SQUEALED NICE.
REAL NICE.
CREED--

--SHUT YOUR STINKING TRAP!
AGK!
AIN'T SO EASY TO TRASH TALK WITH A PIG-STICKER IN YOUR TONSILS, HUH?
NAH, I'LL BE FINE...
...IT'S YOU I AIN'T SO SURE ABOUT.
FSSSST
YA KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
...WEAPON X GIVETH...
...WEAPON X TAKETH AWAY! Heh heh heh...
I'M MELTING--! WHAT A WORLD...
GADZOOKS! I FIGURED WEAPON X WOULD FIND A WAY TO TAKE AWAY THEIR HEALING FACTOR--
--BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D TURN ME INTO PUDDING!
THIS IS JUST GREAT-- ALL I NEED NOW IS BILL COSBY TO SLAP A POPSICLE STICK ON MY BUTT AND TRY TO SELL ME!

Heh heh heh... LOOK AT YA--YA CAN BARELY HOLD YERSELF TOGETHER.
FACE IT, WILSON--YOU WERE LEAD.
BY WEAPON X, FER STARTERS. BUT MOST OF ALL--
--BY ME!
SSSLASSSH!
YA DIDN'T THINK I KNEW YA'D SCREW UP WHEN I BRUNG YA ONBOARD, WILSON?
HELL-- I COUNTED ON IT!
WEAPON X THINKS THEY GOT ME ON A NICE TIGHT LEASH--AN' THAT'S WHAT I LET 'EM THINK.
YOU WERE THE PERFECT DISTRACTION.
YA KNOW, LET 'EM LOOK OVER HERE... WHILE I DO SOMETHIN' ELSE OVER THERE...
RRRIPPP!

WOW... LOOK AT MR. DEVIOUS HERE...
...GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT--DON'T YOU, CREED?
IN FACT, MAYBE YOU'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO BREATHE--
--AFTER I RAM MY GOOPY FIST DOWN YOUR THROAT!?
SSLICE!
LLLRRRK!
I'M SORRY-- DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
GLLHHK!
HARD TO UNDERSTAND YOU, VIC--WHAT WITH MY FINGERS TICKLING YOUR LUNGS THE WAY THEY ARE!
AHEM!

I'VE COME TO INFORM YOU WE'LL NO LONGER BE REQUIRING YOUR SERVICES, AGENT DEADPOOL...
...I'M AFRAID YOU'RE BEING TERMINATED.
TERMINATED? I'LL SHOW YOU TERMINATED YOU LOUSY SCUM-SUCKING, YAK-MOLESTING...
RATATATATAT!
...BACKSTREET BOY LOVING...
RATATATATAT!
...TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL" WATCHING...
RATATATATAT!

...CHER IMPERSONATING...
...STEAMING SACK OF...
GENTLEMEN, IF YOU PLEASE?
RATATATATAT!
THANK YOU.
UM, SIR— IS IT MY MISTAKE OR IS THAT HAND...
...GIVING YOU THE FINGER?
HMMPH!

STATUS REPORT: THE DIRECTOR.
AND THUS ENDS THE SAGA--AND THE LIFE--
--OF DEADPOOL, AGENT OF WEAPON X.
ALMOST.
I MUST CONFESS, I COULDN'T PASS UP USING THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REACH OUT...
...TO AN OLD FRIEND.
Good day, Experiment X...
...I believed you would find this of some interest.
It is all that remains of a former agent of ours--one who foolishly sought to oppose the Program, much as you have done in the past. I'm certain, that while no one would mistake you as compatriots, Wade Wilson was a man whose capabilities you were all too familiar with.
Still don't want to join?
Sincerely, The Director
END